VISIT TO GOTHAM.

A Drive in Contral Park with a Tee Forward Young Man, Bumpers of Cham-pagne, a Night in a Police Cell, an Ink-Throwing Fight with a Policeman, \$10 Pine and a Raging Headache.

Miss Effic Lambertson was the quietest. most respectable appearing person in the Yorkville Court yesterday. Effic is an educational example of the way young Bos ton women should not spend Christmas.

She came with a friend over to this gay metropolis for two or three days. On Christmas morning she went to the Park with a gentleman friend, and engaging a coupé they took the air in style.

At Mount St. Vincent they skipped or and had a quiet lunch. Also a quart bottle of champagne, not too dry, just sweet enough for a fresh young Bostonian damsel who does not wear glasses.

Effie drank her half like a little woman, and got razzle-dazzled in short order. But Effle s nothing if not virtuous, and when the young gentleman, stimulated by the amber vintage, intimated to Effie that he wanted a kiss, Effic got as straight as she could with her head going round like a caroussel.

with her head going round like a caroussel, and she said him nay with real severity. Moreover, she gave him the option of leaving the cab or seeing her do so. So the young man left, unkissing and unkissed.

That is one of the funny things about Boston girls. They don't like to be kissed.

Effie subsequently found that her \$40 was not to be found, and charged the cabby with appropriating them. Park Policeman Cooper came up, saw Effie's befuddled condition, and hustled the cabby and herself off to the Sixty-seventh street station.

Then one of the officers who was hurrying her up caught hold of her arm, presumably giving it a gentle squeeze. Effie's virtue got the better of her again, and snatching up the mk bottle she fired it at the hardy man in blue. After that Effie was locked up and wept salty tears of repentance through the still watches of the night.

In the morning she was herself again, though suffering from a violent katzenjammer from her pint of champagne.

her pint of champagne.

In the court Justice Patterson found that she preferred no charge against the hackman, as she had found her money all right afterwards. So he fined Effic \$10 of her re-

covered money.

She passed a ten-dollar bill to the young man with the red mustache who absorbs fines in the Yorkville Court, and walked out

with much dignity.

She walked down Fifty-seventh street, with Officer Crotton gallantly escorting her. This was a periunctory act of gallantry on Officer Crofton's part.

They walked up to Sixty-fifth street, and then Crofton left her. Effic turned down the street again.

street again. THE EVENING WORLD reporter strolled act is and accosted her, inquiring what she was going to do.

'I am going to get a cab and drive around till my head feels better, and then go back to my friends, and get over to Boston as

n as I can."
What will you say to your friends?"

what will you say to see that all fixed. I've never been caught in such a thing as this before. The officer was very kind and gentlemanly, and I offered him some money, but he wouldn't take it. He said he had only done his duty."

his duty."

"He didn't take the money?" gasped the

reporter.

"No," said Effie.

"No," said Effie.

"What you do is this. Get a cab, take
your drive and make him leave you at the
Casino, in the Park. Get your luncheon
there and take a little Vichy, with bicarbonate
o soda in it, and then go home. You're too
much of a Bostonian to stay in New York
we longer now." any longer now."

Effle thanked the reporter and engaged a cabman at a dollar and a half an hour, and

cabman at a dollar and a half an hour, and was driven off in a fair way to recovery.

Effic is a very respectable seeming girl, with hazel eyes, nice white teeth, a pale complexion and good figure. She wore a dolman heavily braided, black fur around her neck, black kid gloves and a dark blue felt hat with a white wing and aigrette on it. Her gown was of a light-colored woollen sinff.

stuff.

One night in a police station, \$10 fine and
the sense of a headache is as much training
in dissipation as Effic thinks she needs. She is of a respectable family, does not have to do anything for a living and is dreadfully worried for fear her parents will find out about her escapade.

> The Queen of the Ball. [From the New Orleans Picayune,]

Before you mirror, Gertrude fair
Is tying the snood of her silken hair;
To cheeks all pale and drooping eyes,
The blush of the rose, the light of the skies,
She lends the touch of a fairy hand,
And smiles as only Gertrude can!

The bell tolls ten; still she is there,
A dimpled hand in her golden hair.
Nestling a saffron rose as sweet
As Love e'er laid at the bridal feet
Of Love's twin soul, in the fair, fresh dawn
Of youth and of joy so swiftly gone!

Listlessly droops the soft hand down.
Falling like snow on her silken gown,
Amid the sprays of lilles that gleam
In painted groups like a floral dream.
O futile tear in thy brown, starry eye!
Bright diamond of sorrow set in a sigh! She dreams again of a hope long dead,
Of a funeral train, with solemn tread,
Bearing its burden to death's chill shrine;
She dreams of a grave where the roses twine.
In the starlight pale, when the night winds

And Gertrude prays it were her own! The queen of a hundred hearts is she, A crowned queen in misery! Masking 'neath smiles and joyous eyes A life as dark as the Winter skies; In a funeral urn a flower sweet bloom. Blooming to wither and die all alone!

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds. ADAMSON'S DIABRREA and dysentery are sverted during teething BOTANIC BALSAM, KINSMAN, 25th st. and 4th ave. "." by MONELL'S TRETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

DEMURE EFFIE LAMBERTSON'S EVENTFUL, IT NOW COMMUTES MURDERER COFFEY'S IT WAS A RAZZLE-DAZZLE KNOCK-OUT SENTENCE

> All Jersey City Indiguant Over It-A Parallel with the Pardon Court's Action in Saving the Life of Janitor Titus, Who Murdered Tilly Smith in Hackettstown

The death sentence of Peter Coffer has been commuted by the Court of Pardons to imprisonment for life. The New Jersey Court of Pardons is a pe-

culiar institution-a wild, weird thing, so to speak It was instituted as an improvement over the pardoning power in other States, where the Governor alone may pardon or commute the sentence of a convicted criminal. It was

argued that the Board of Pardons, with nothing else to do, could make closer inquiry into each case and act with more intelligence. But the sequence has not seemed to justify the belief. The commutation of the death sentence of Janitor James J. Titus to imprisonment for life astounded the good peo-

ple of Jersey. Titus was convicted of strangling to death Tillie Smith at the Centenary Collegiate Institute. Hackettstown, N. J., after a long and careful trial. Afterwards in making application to this most astonishing "Court" for s

tion to this most astonishing "Court" for a pardon, Titus wrote a confession and in it he made out against himself a far more horrifying charge than that proven in court.

He related in his confession that, despite the fact that he had a most estimable wife, he had enticed little Tillie Smith, a domestic in the institution, into a room in the basement of the institute at night, had assaulted her there, and had strangled her to death while she struggled in defense of her honor.

Over her grave was erected a monument, on which was this inscription: McAuliffe caught him at them and gave him such a punishment as he will not soon forget. Jack knocked him down once in the second round and six times in the seventh. Hyams is game, stands punishment well, and is a superb man at ducking and dodging, moving as quick as a flash, but his rushes and blows are weak compared with McAuliffe's. The men were about the same weight, with Hyams in better condition. The only blow which did Jack any damage was one with Jake's right on his left eye, although the effect was scarcely noticed. Jack forced the fighting up to the end of the fourth round, when he was somewhat winded, and held off

Tillie Smith.
She Died in Defense of Her Honor,
April 8, 1886,
Aged 18 years,
Erected by an Appreciative Public.

There were angry remarks, not at all complimentary to the members of the Trenton Court of Pardons, made by the people of Hackettstown, and the fame of this singular body spread over the land, for they were the subjects of the paragrapher and the preacher

And to-day Jersey City is excited and indignant over this latest freak of the pardoning power.

Peter Coffey's crime was in one respect

fighting up to the end of the fourth round, when he was somewhat winded, and held off two rounds. In the eighth, Hyams having been floored six times in the round previous, and being groggy, Jack renewed his vigorous attacks and knecked the Englishman senseless with a right-hander on the jaw when about a minute of the round had elapsed, winning the contest. It was a fine go, and the result has again pushed the McAuliffe stock up a peg. Jack and Billy Madden leave for their Western tour tonight. similar to that of Titus. His victim was Agnes Smith, a woman whom he had chosen in preference to his own wife and whom he had persisted in forcing upon his wife, until one day in June last, while Mrs. Coffey was endeavoring to entertain the paramour of her husband, being forced thereto by him, a quarrel arose and the unfaithful husband followed his illicit lover into another room and shot her in the back and she died next

and shot her in the back and she died next day.

Coffey then shot himself, and when physicians and the police arrived he told them that he had shot Miss Smith because he loved her. He hoped she would die with himself.

On his trial the prosecutor did not present all his evidence against Coffey because it was not necessary. He had long been a dangerous man and had been once barely prevented from shooting a man who owed him 12 cents.

At another time he fired six shots at a beyy of children who had annoyed him with their noise, and only a week before the murder he altempted to brain a man with a chair for looking into a room where he was sitting with Agnes Smith.

Only last week this Court of Pardons commuted to twenty years imprisonment the death sentence of Schlemmer, the man who drew his young wife away from her mother: took her across the street and brutally shot her to death.

bill is now in preparation to that effect which will be presented to the Legislature.

Uninteresting. [From Puck.]



see ze gr-r-reat seal of ze Inquisition? Miss Wappinger—I wouldn't stop, mother. There's nothing bigger that swims than our sea-lions at the home Zoo. William O'Brien is still at work trying to study out a way in which he can induce Charley Mitchell to fight Jack Dempsey. He thinks such a way can be found, and says he will have some news for the people ere long, (Pros the Philadelphia Record.)

New Girl—An' how long should I leave
this thing called a 'blower' tight up agin the

losses as coolly as he once won thousands.

He felt better for the knowledge.

night, and lost steadily.

IF THEY KNEW IT IN BOSTON. NEW JERSEY'S PARDON MILL. ENGLAND WAS NOWHERE. Joe McAnliffe and Jackson, who are to fight to morrow night, are both in their best condition and will make a hard battle. Mr. Vice says a six-day go-as-you-please race will take place in San Francisco next month.

THAT M'AULIPPE GAVE HYAMS.

for the National Skating Meeting.

a battle in the same ring in which the two

differences have been settled. The gentle-

5,000 to fight Mitchell in the way he

ruggests, if Jack will agree to the propo-

sition. Such an arrangement would, if

event this country has ever known, and it is

not altogether merely a suggestion either, as

good demonstration of the superiority of our

boxers over those of England. Hyams may be considered a clever boxer at home, but he cannot touch our champion, and probably does not care much about trying to do so again. McAulisse had the battle from the

. . . .

The two boys who entertained the specta-tors at Palace Hall last evening are making themselves famous for their "music on the

rafters." Their instruments are only a tin whistle and a harmonics, but their efforts make inspiring music and shorten the delays.

Con McAuliffe, the champion light-weight's brother, is making a book at the half-mile tracks for himself and George Smith and James Colville, of Boston, Mr. Colville and Larry Killion, also of Boston, are Jack Mc-Aulifie's backers in his coming fight with Myers.

Tom Mulqueen, of Denver, and Lon Maynard, of San Francisco, both patrons of Western sports, were at the McAuliffe-Hyams match last night.

the next few days will prove.

Tickets for the games of the Pastime Athletic Club, to be held in Parepa Hall Jan. 26, can be purchased from President J. E. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan is a candidate for re-election at the annual meeting of the club, Jan. 8. He is an earnest worker, a popular fellow and his re-election is an assured fact. \$5,000 Backer of Dempsey Against Mitchell Is Heard From-Proposition That They Fight in the Same Ring as Sullivan and Kilrain-Change of Date

Capt. James Tighe, of the Varuna Boat Club, is said to be agitating the question of starting a new athletic club in Brooklyn with limited membership. A well-known sporting man uptown has suggested that in case the Sullivan-Kilrain catch comes to the desired issue. Jack

Dempsey and Charley Mitchell should have John Kelly emphatically denies that he has sought a position with either the League of Association for next year. John says he will big fellows fight and immediately after their be needed the coming season to attend to his new business at Thirty-first street and Sixth man does not wish his name mentioned at avenue. present, but says he will back Dempsey for

"IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE." BY ACKLAND LORD BOYLE.

carried out, insure the greatest pugilistic (SUGGESTED BY THE EVENING WORLD DISCUSSION. You ask me, friend Harry, to say what I'd do, 5 You ask me, friend Harry, to say what I'd do,
If I were a millionaire;
You ask if I'd travel and "have a good time,"
And live without trouble or care.
Ah, Harry, my boy, sordid aims give no joy,
And selfishness truly's a snare.
So if you will listen I'll say what I'd do,
If I were a millionaire.
Chours—If I ware a millionaire.
My blessings with others I'd share,
For the poor and down-trodden I'd
tenderly care,
If I were a millionaire. Jack McAuliffe's easy defeat of Jake Hyams, the Englishman, last night was a

A poor workingman is thrown out of employ. By a "strike" of the rich called a "Trust." His family is starving, he's tempted, he steals, And his good name is dragged in the dust. I'd employ the best counsel, for mercy appeal, And bring ev'ry effort to bear. To save the poor fellow and give him a chance, If I were a millionaire. again. McAulife had the battle from the start and made his opponent show at a greater disadvantage than any one had supposed he would do. Hyams is familiar with all the tricks of the English ring, and he tried them on last night, making his fighting what fair-minded Americans consider most foul. But McAuliffe caught him at them and gave him such a punishment as he will not soon forcet

But the millionaire bandit who robs rich and

Tho' he owns thousands more than he needs;
Who deals in "wheat steals" most gigantic and bold.
And other such high-handed deeds;
Who raises the price of the workingman's bread.
To fight such a man I'd ne'er fail.
I'd spend ev'ry dollar I had in the world
To send the rich rascal to jail.

There are young fact'ry children, white slaves, in

this land
Who toil out their poor little lives;
There are hundreds of women who scarce earn
their bread,
Tho' the '' boss " they are working for thrives;
There is sadness and suffering, oppression and want;
To relieve and protect I'd not spare;
And that's the way, Harry, I'd "have a good

If I were a millionaire.

A Sketch of Congressman Ford.

[From the Pitteburg Commercial.]
Melbourne H. Ford, Chairman of the Immigration Investigation Committee, now sit-"I have another announcement to make," said Steve O'Donnell at Palace Hall last evening. Then reading from a monstrons bill, he said: "A grand ball to the theatrical profession will soon be given at which John L. Sullivan and Gus Hill will act as floor managers, assisted by Maggie Kline."

John Boyle, of Brooklyn, rather turned the tables on Billy Hart in Palace Hall last evening. When they boxed before the McAuliffe-Collyer match Hart had the best of it, but last evening Boyle got in his work very cleverly. ting in Pittsburg, is a short, stockily built little man, with smoothly shaven face and a quick, abrupt manner. He has all the characteristics of a trained criminal lawyer, although he is by profession a stenographic though he is by profession a stenographic expert. For years past he has practised his profession all over the West, being engaged as official shorthand reporter in some of the most famous civil and criminal trials of the West and Northwest. His services have commanded all the way from \$50 to \$75 per day in such instances. His familiarity with courts and the methods of the legal profession has been of great service to him and the Committee during the progress of the investi. sion has been of great service to him and the Committee during the progress of the investi-gation, and for this reason he has been as-signed to the work of cross-examining all witnesses brought briore the Commission. Mr. Ford is sharp as a steel trep, fires his question and chews tobacco as though he were under contract to consume a given number of pounds per annum.

School Commissioner Miles M. O'Brien is re-appointed by Mayor Hewitt. The United States warship Richmond sails to join the South Atlantic squadron. Sig. Mancini, the Italian state-man, dies at Naples in his seventy-second year. Three men and three women are drowned in a sailboat catastrophe in San Francisco Bay. Johnson Hatfield, chief desperado in the Mc-Coy-Hatfield feud, dies in Lawrence County, W.

Steps are taken to strenuously oppose Gen. Boulanger's candidacy in the Department of the Seine.

William Westenbarger dies in convulsions at Logan, O., of hydrophobia caused by a dog-bite last July.

The Idaho Legislature debates on more stringent measures to keep Mormons out of Territorial politics.

A hall at Eastport, Pa., collapses with a Christmas party of 3,000 persons, and fire adds to the horrors of the situation.

Gen. Logan's body is removed from Rock Creek Cemetery to a new memorial chapel in the Soldiers' Home Cemetery, Washington. The Western Union Telegraph Company resists the efforts of the State of Massachusetts to col-lect a pro rata tax upon its capital stock.

M. C. C.—Thomas F. Grady was in the Assembly in 1877, 1878 and 1870. He was Senator in 1882 and 1883. Since 1883 he has held no political office. He was defeated for Congress in 1886 by Timothy J. Campbell. will depend upon the conditions, and if it is impossible to skate on the days mentioned, the events will take place as soon after as the weather will permit. The contests are open to all amateurs. Entries close Jan. 14. Entrance fee \$1. Prizes, gold, silver and proper medals.

The lottery you mention is unquestionably a fraud.

Unum.—Fifty-cent pieces of 1822 and 1830 bring no more than their face value.

Dec. March 4 fell on a Monday in the years.

Dec.—March 4 fell on a Monday in the years 1805, 1813 and 1833, and on a Sunday in 1821.

Arminius.—A United States is correct. The vowel following the article in this case has the sound of a consounat and "a" is used rather than "an" for the sake of cuphony.

thinks such a way can be found, and says he will have some news for the people ere long.

The run of the National Cross-Country Association that was to have taken place Dec. 30 has been postponed on account of the high being New Year's Eve. The date will be announced hereafter.

W. R. Vice, Secretary of the California Athletic Club, has written a friend here that

PLUM-PUDDING PREFERRED TO A WILL-IAMSBURG MATINEE.

Little Lord Faustlerey No. 2 on His Travels East-A New Theatre Going Quietly Up in Harlem-Herbert Kelcey Receives a Jewelled Match-Box-Booth and Barrett to Go to Phisburg and Baltimore.

Mrs. Langtry, who is playing this week at

the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, in Williamsburg, declined to give the conventional Christmas matinee, being desirous of spending the day at her home on Twenty-third street, and enjoying a good old English plum-pudding. The result of this was that Prestidigitateur Herrmann, of a less celebrative turn of mind, ran over to Williamsburg and gave a matinee performance in place of Mrs. Langtry. Apropos of this laly, it is amusing to watch the crowds that assemble in front of her house to catch a glimpse of her face whenever her Victoria, in front of the doorway, announces the fact that she is about to drive out. At about 3 o'clock vesterday afternoon this interesting event occurred. On both sides of the street men, women and children at sod and gazed rudely at the fenceless dwelling. The front door was thrown open; the carriage gates had been unfastened, and all was ready. Presently Mrs. Langtry appeared, brilliant in a red bonnet, and accompanied by her little niece. She stepped daintily into the Victoris, carefully refrained from glancing at the people, who to the number of at least one hundred and fifty were watching her attentively, spoke a few words to the coachman, and was rattled noisily into the street. Two footmen followed and carefully closed the gates, laughingly addressing the policeman who was there to keep the free-show lovers in order. A gentleman who had probably never witnessed such a performance before was anxious to know what it all meant. "Nothing." vouchsafed the policeman. "It means that Mrs. Langtry is taking her usual airing, and that she's as popular as ever."

Manager French started out his No. 2
"Little Lord Fauntieroy" company Christmas Day in the Fast. It will travel through
that territory for the next few weeks. Pretty
soon no State will be complete without its
"Fauntieroy."

It is not generally known that a new thea-It is not generally known that a new theatre in Harlem is being quietly put up on the Eighth avenue side of the city. The theatre is being built by a corporation, and will have offices and that in connection with it. It is said that the house will be a very fine one. Nothing has as yet been arranged as to its management. At the present time the Theatre Comique holds full sway over Harlem, which is rapidly becoming recognized as a good theatrical foothold.

Christmas in this city turned out to be extremely profitable to theatrical managers, as far as the evening performances were con-cerned. The matiness were generally light.

Manager Sanger will next season send out an excellent company to play "Mr Barnes of New York" on tour. Author Gunther has written a new scene for the play of spec-tacular interest. Herbert Kelcey received a bandsome be-

Herbert Kelcey received a handsome be-jewelled matchbox for his Christmas, It-came to hand anonymously. Kelcey was very disappointed when he was told that the present came from a well-known firm, anxious to advertise a new article and convinced that Kelcey's assistance in that direction would be valuable.

At the close of their engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Messrs. Booth and Barrett go to Pittsburg and thence to Baltimore. New York will not see either of them again until they make their big production at the Broadway Theatre next season.

E. J. Buckley, who has been playing with Jefferson, is back in the city. Buckley savs that very few melodramatic actors could have jumped into comedy as readily as he did with Jefferson.

The Gaiety Company will probably play a four months' engagement in this city next season, unless extinguished by the mighty Aldrich.

The cleverest bit of stage work Cora Tanner ever attempted is her portrayal of the young English swell in "Fascination," now on at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre.

Sinn's Park Theatre.

"The Crystal Slipper," with its many inter-esting features and well-drilled chorus, is a de-cided "go" at the Amphion Academy.

Brooklyn is rarely favored with a production of comic opers so complete in every detail as that of "The Queen's Mate" at the Academy of Music,

The company supporting Kate Claxton and Charles A. Stevenson in "The World Against Her," at the Grand Opera-House, contains hardly a weak spot.

inrdly a weak spot.

Mrs. Langtry will be seen to-morrow evening as Pauline Deschapelles in the "Lady of Lyons," at the Lee Avenue Academy, a character which she enacts with much force.

Manager Seymour, of Jacobs's Brooklyn Theatre, was presented with a set of rich parlor furniture Christmas evening, after the performance of "Hoodman Blind," by the employees of the house. Everybody likes Charne Seymour,

A particularly even performance is that which H. R. Jacobs's company is now giving of the "Romany Rye" at the Lyceum Theatre.

In her latest characterization, that of a typical

Addio Cora Reed, Fanny Rice, Edgeworth Secrit and Lydia O'Neill. The sale of seats is now progressing at the Academy box office, and bespeaks a week of crowded houses.

Dan Mason is meeting with much success in the character of Pritz, the erratic German, in "Over the Garden Wall" at Proctor's Brooklyn Theatre. Life on the Western plains is vividly pictured in the melodramas S. J. Wheeler is giving at Holmes's Museum this week.

WHERE CARNEGIE GREW RICH. It Was Farmer Story's Oil Land That Made

Him His First Millions. Titraville Special to Pittsburg Casimercial. It is an interesting fact that Andrew Carnegie, whose income was the subject of so much newspaper comment during the campaign, made his first big money in the oil ous ness. The death of David A. Stewart, Chairman of Carnegie Bros, & Co., suggests reference to the Columbia Oil Company, of which Mr. Stewart was Treasurer and the active manager and Mr. Carnegie a stockholder. This Company bought and developed the Story farm, between Titusville and Oil City. It was the richest farm ever developed in the oil country, and from his interest Mr. Carnegie became comparatively a rich man. The farm was originally owned by William

Story, who barely made a living from it prior to the discovery of petroleum. It consisted of 400 acros, and Story offered the place for \$4,500. He could find no purchaser until oil was struck on the creek, and then he sold it to Mr. Carnegie and his friends for \$55,000 cash. The Columbia Oil Company was organized May 1, 1861. The capital stock was \$250,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$25 cach. The farm proved to be productive beyond all expectation, and in the entire history of the petroleum industry no other farm has approached it as an oil bonanza. Its first year's output was 20,800 barrels, and the following year it was increased to 89,600. In two and a half years after the incor-Story, who barely made a living from it prior lowing year it was increased to 89,600. In two and a half years after the incor-poration of the Company dividends had been poration of the Company dividends had been declared, amounting to 130 per cent on the capital stock. In 1864 the production of the farm increased to 141,508 barrels. During this year the average price of oil was \$9,8714 per barrel. During the first six months four dividends were declared, amounting to 160 per cent, of the capital stock. A month later the capital was increased to \$2,500,000 and a dividend of 5 per cent on this amount w s at once declared from the earnings of the farm. Before the close of the veer live w s at once declared from the earnings of the farm. Before the close of the year five dividends were declared, making in all 25 per cent, on the increased stock. Ten years after the first well was struck on the property the production of the farm was 142,034 barrels for that year. In these ten years 1,715,972 barrels were

struck on the property the production of the farm was 142,034 barrels for that year. In these ten years 1,715,372 barrels were duced and the whole amount of its dividends was 401 per cent, on the capital steck. In a lawsuit in Erie, in 1885, Mr. Stewart, Treasurer of the Company, testified that the Columbia Oil Company had sold oil from the farm to the value of between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000. Estimating the amount of oil produced by it since that time, the total output is placed by practical oil men between \$9,000,000 and \$10,000,000. Although the Story farm has been constantly operated for twenty-seven years, it is still producing about one hundred barrels a month. All the original wells have been drained and abandoned for some years, and the present production is from new wells. From this farm Mr. Carnegie received a start that has made him one negie received a start that has made him one of the money princes of the world.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC Commencing Monday, Dec. 31
Six nights. New Year's and Saturday I
RUDOLPH ARONSON'S
Comic Opera Company,
Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's new

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

BROOKLYN ACADEMY. UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

THE L. C. DUPP COMIC OPERA CO. IN THE QUEEN'S MATE. H. R. JACOBS'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.

PRICES:
PRICES:
The PRICES:
ATTIVE MATINEES,
Last performances of 15c. Last performances of 15c. 20c. HOODMAN 15c. 25c.

50c. Next Week "ZITKA." 35c. H. R. JACOBS'S NEW LYCEUM THEATRE.

Cor Mostrow ave. and Leonard et.

MATINEES.

MONDAY.

MONDAY.

WEDNESDAY.

SATURDAY.

A MPHION ACADEMY, BROOKLYN.

KNOWLES & MORRIS. Lossops and Managers. THE CRYSTAL SLIPPER.

TOL SINN'S PARK THEATRE. CORA TANNER IN FASCINATION. LEE AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, B'KLYN, E. D.
Xmas Week, Six Nights and Saturday Mat. only.
MIS. LANGTRY IN REPERTOIRE.
As In a Looking Gloss, Lady of Lyons, Pygnalion and
Galatea. New Year's Week, Cora Tanner in Fascination.

HOLMES'S STANDARD MUSEUM, MATINEES DAILY. S. J. WHEELER IN TWO GREAT PLAYS. F. F. PROCTOR'S

F. F. PROOTORS THEATRE, SOUTH 4TH AND DRIGGS STR F. F. PROCTOR'S COMEDY COMPANY IN OVER THE GARDEN WALL. ZIPP'S CASINO.

Zipp'S CASINO.

This week Fenz Bros. Prof. James F. Lamb, C. W. Littleffield, James Wilson, Lillian Granger, Devis Nobrigs, Minnie Schult and Kirchner's Orchestra.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE

KNOWLES & MORRIS. Lessees & Managers

Evening and Usual Matiness. Kate Claxton in "The World Against Her."

He opened the outer door with a latch-key.

He opened the outer door with a latch key. He turned off the gas in the ball.

Up on the second story his room was located, and thither he went. They were spacious rooms, papered, carpeted and furnished in the most exquisite taste. A plano stood in one corner of the front room. There were some rare old prints on the wall. Brack did not linger long there. He locked the door bebind him.

Then he went into the next room, where, mechanically, he set some things to rights. In the next and last room he hung up his hat. A long, wide, low bed very pretty to look at, took up most of the room. There was a picture hung face in against the wall. This Brack took down and looked at long and carnestly. It showed him the remarkably beautiful features of a brunette. The eves carnestly. It showed him the remarkably beautiful features of a brunette. The eves were big. Ulack and pathetic looking. The mouth was a poem of passion. The hair fell in curling ringlets on the forehead. After many minutes Stuart spoke. He only muttered a few words. They were:

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE

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THE LORGAIRE. DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Regulars Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

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SATURDAY MATINEE.
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Accompanied by KYBLE BELLEW and a complete
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'TWINT ANE AND CROWN.

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CANIO.

CANIO.

Breather at R. 15.

Breather a

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BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG GREAT KUSSUTH HUNGARIAN HAND, Court Musicians to Her Majesty, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. Piret appearance in this country, DAILY, 19TH ST, AND 4TH AVE.

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Gallery, 25c., Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1, 50.

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Last times in New York in
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beautifully illustrated by PROF. CROMWELL.

WORTH'S OSSIFIED CHRISTMAS WEEK 3 Matinose Daily. MAN. Daily. MUSEUM

DOCKSTADER'S NIGHTS 8.30, 8AT MAT 2.30.3 THREE DAYS.

MINSTRELS. Tops and Candles every performance for the children. Grand Christmas Tres. Parker's Docks. Next week Mestayer-Vaughan Co. in

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. MATINER SATURDAY AND NEW YEAR'S.

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THE FOOL'S REVENGE.

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Last two weeks of the Gaiety Company.
Miss NELLIE FARREN, Mr. FRED LESLIE,
with London Gaiety Burners.

London Galety Burlesque Comp ESMERALDA Special Matinee New Year's.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Corner 41st of Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Evenings at 8 Grand Sacred Concert Sunday Evening, Dec. 30.

She PEOPLE'S THEATRE. She Exactly as Given at 14th St. Theatre. WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery, pear Canel. Matines Popular Come Opera, Saturda THE LITTLE TYCOON, Next week—Oliver Byron's UPPER HAND.

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DOLL MATINEE FRIDAY.
Every lady and girl guis a fine doll. THEATRE COMIQUE, 125th & bet. 3d & Lex. ave.
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Christmas Day
JIM THE
Matthee at 2.
Next Week HERRMANN.
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345 AND 347 GRAND ST.
LUCIA ZARATE, the Midget Queen.
Stage performances. 5 double floors. 10 cents.

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SWEET LAVENDER:
SWEET LAVENDER:
Matiness Saturday and New Year's.

EDEN MUSEE. WAX WORLD GALLERY. A MBERG THEATRE. Irving place and 15th a.
To-night the operatic success. Farinelli. Friday.
children's matinee. Snow White. Every child a present.

Among the passengers who sailed for Europe to-day on the State of Pennsylvania was O. M. Stephenson, a well-known physician of Port Huron, Mich.

A SIMPLE STORY OF A CAMBLER'S END.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY W. J. LLOYD.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

Brack Stuart walked thoughtfully home- | when he was around. They did not even ward in the dawning light of a Winter's comment or ask him what he meant when he morning with a terrible end in view. He chanced to remark in the Brower House one intended to kill himself. He had said to night that the Crib Club rooms had been himself when leaving his chamber the even- sold to pay some debts owed by the old firm.

Detailed Instructions

open fire place? Experienced Servant—Lave it until it do be hot enough to take the skin off y'r fingers when you touch it. Then lift it off,

He had played his last chip without a tremor. When he saw his last bank-note go with the rest be calmly rose from the table with a cheery "Good-by, Tom" to the dealer, who knew him well, and answered "Good-night, Brack. Better luck to-night. It's houday week, you know. You were always lucky on

holidays." "Oh, yes. I'll be all right to-night. Don't worry about me." he said, lighting a eigar. worry about me." he said, lighting a eigar.

Then he walked out of the place for the last time. He was a good-looking fellow, only thirty years old, hair rather gray, over 6 feet tall, and never known to be out of style in dress. More than one woman had raved about his mustache. It was a thick golden yellow coil of hair, that drooped about the corners of his well-shaped mouth.

As he sauntered home his thoughts were all of the past, of his dear old country home, of the old folks there who had missed him years before. sold to pay some debts owed by the old firm, and then he meant it,

Matters had not gone well with him.

Belle had left him, she took Ed Allen with her. He and Brack were partners in the "Crib Club," a fashionable place to buck the tiger.

Ed took all the available funds with him. Brack's friends could not tell how he took it. He was not the kind of man to be pitied.

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Then he walked out of the place for the last time. He was a good-looking fellow, and that he intended to "give up gambling—soon."

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"He is as proud as the devil," they said, in discussing him.

For a few days after that he seemed to try and pull up sgain, but misfortune pursued him. His diamond pin went, so did his watch and rings, but no one cared to ask where. It was easily guessed at when Brack was flush only after the disappearance of the windon of him with one gray that thrust forward mutely—implor.

The the was a good-looking fellow, and the was a good-looking fellow, and the swar a thick golden hat.

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"He is a sproud as the devil," they said, in disease, the old folks there who had missed him years before.

He saw himself a steady urchin, going to school and the fine time. He was a

went away, and he forgot her, just as some one else had forgotten him.

Where had he taken the first misstep.
Vainly he tried to recall it. He vainly re-membered being a wild lad, the leader of others inclined that way, and that they were all fond of drinking bouts and games of chance, but as a desperate gambler he ex-ceeded them all. ingulfed in the fare bank. He took his Nov, as his boot heels crunched the snowcovered sidewalk of Broadway, he felt that the end was near. It did not disturb him. chance, but as He had played with the greatest nerve all

seeded them all.

It was born in him.

This love of outlawed pastimes, he recalled, led to trouble between him and his parents—strict church people—and then he

parents—strict church people—and then he came to Gotham.

Only a stripling, but able to hold his own as the older adventurers soon found out. And it was not long before he became a leader among them even as he had been with the village boys at home. But it was all over now. He used to laugh at love, but love was revenged. It was love, unrequited love, that was driving him to a coward's refuge. Well, he had played the game of life. He had staked his last chip and lost it on a worthless woman. The end—well, what did he care?

In front of the Windsor Hotel a mass of rags came shuffling in front of him with one

each piece of jewelry. The proceeds were went away, and he forgot her, just as some laughed, a low, bitter laugh, more like a cry of pain, as he repeated to himself, "Merry Christmas indeed. Perhaps they will make it merry for me where I expect to go to." He watched the nomad hurry around the



THE GAMBLER'S LAST PLAY.

corner, then no continued his way uptown.
At Thirtieth street he turned aside. After walking half a block he halted in front of an eminently respectable looking house, up the steps of which he mounted.

I loved you better, sis, than ever he

will."
Then he laid the picture down and took a Then he laid the picture down and took a letter from his pockets. It was brief and rather incoherent. It read:

Brack, Brack, dear, dear Brack. Good-by. Forgive me and forget me. I love you, but I love Ed more. I must go with him. I was true to you while I was with you. Good-by. God bless you. I pity you, for I know you love me, but I do not deserve the love of a man like you. You are too good for a worthless creature like me. Good-by.

"D—— your pity, Belle, and you were inst as good as I." was his last comment on

me. Good-by.

"D— your pity, Belle, and you were just as good as I," was his last comment on this before he burned it at the gas jet. Then from an escritoire, he took a bundle of letters. He read them over slowly. Some of them made him smile. Fragments fell from his lips like these:

BELLE,

Gauss I neither shame nor remorse in his calloused heart.

She had seen a brief despatch in a newspaper, headed

A Gambler Sheets Himself.

This was the heart trouble that never left her in after life.

"Well, he was her husband."
"He killed himself, too."
"Wonder if he knows he is revenged?"
At last he had finished the reading.
It was broad daylight outdoors, but the blinds and curtains were shut in his rooms so tight that not a ray of daylight could enter.
The gas burned full and brightly.
As it fell on his face he looked worn and haggard now. Calmly he prepared for death, After bathing and shaving he dressed himself, even to his shoes.
Than he wrote a brief note to his landlady, bequeathing her the furniture in his rooms.
Then he lay down on the bed and fired a bullet into his brain. He died instantly, with a smile on his handsome face.

Out in a country town an old man said to Out in a country town an out man said to his aged wife:

"Mirandy, I wish we had our lad here to his Christmas dinner. Perhaps we were hard on him. Mebbe he will come home to his poor old dad some Gay."

"William, Braek will never see us agin, nor we him. I dreamed on him last night, seed him in his coffin, an' he'll never come agin."